

The Tragedy of Hamlet

And fall a cursing like a very drabbe, stallion, fie upon't, foh.
 About my braines, hum, I have heard
 That guilty creatures sitting at a Play
 Have by the very cunning of the Scene
 Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions :
 For murder though it have no tongue will speake
 With most miraculous organ. Ile have these Players
 Play something like the murder of my father
 Before mine uncle : Ile observe his lookes,
 Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
 I know my courſe. The spirit that I have ſcene
 May be a divell, and the divell hath power
 T'assume a pleasing ſhape, yea and perhaps
 Out of my weakneſſe and my melancholly,
 As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
 Abuses me to damne me : Ile have grounds
 More relative than this, the Play's the thing
 Wherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Gyl-
 denſterne, Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of conference
 Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
 Grating ſo harſhly all his daies of quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacie ?

Roſ. He does confeſſe he feelles himſelfe diſtracted,
 But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.

Gyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be ſounded,
 But with a crafty madneſſe keepes aloofe
 When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
 Of his true eſtate.

Quee. Did he receive you well ?

Roſ. Moſt like a Gentleman.

Gyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
 Moſt free in his reply.

Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime ?

Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out that certaine Players

Prince of Denmark

We ore-raught on the way,
 And there did ſeeme in him
 To heare of it ; they are here
 And as I thinke they have al
 This night to play before hi

Pol. 'Tis moſt true,
 And he beſeecht me to ent
 To heare and ſee the matter

King. With all my heart
 And it doth much content n
 To heare him ſo inclin'd :
 Good Gentlemen give him

And drive his purpoſe into t

Roſ. We ſhall my Lord.

King. Sweet Gertrard lea
 For we have cloſely ſent for
 That he as 'twere by acciden
 Affront *Ophelia* ; her father
 Wee'll ſo beſtow our ſelves,
 We may of their encounter
 And gather by him as he iſ
 If't be th'affliction of his lo
 That thus he ſuffers for.

Quee. I ſhall obey you :
 And for my part *Ophelia* I
 That your good beauties be
 Of *Hamlets* wildneſſe, ſo ſh
 Will bring him to his wont
 To both your honours.

Ophel. Madam, I wiſh it

Pol. *Ophelia* walk you he
 We will beſtow our ſelves ;
 That ſhew of ſuch an exerc
 Your loneliness : we are o
 'Tis too much prov'd, that v
 And pious action we doe ſu
 The divell himſelfe.

King. O 'tis too true :

We